

Dr. PRICE'S CREAM Baking Powder

Awarded highest honors by the great World's Expositions, and proved of superior strength and purity by the official tests.

No alum, no lime phosphates
Food officials, state and national, with physicians, condemn the use of alum in food, and deplore and denounce the dishonest methods by which alum baking powders are imposed upon the public.

PUBLIC LIBRARY NOTES.

A book that is worth while is the one that you can read a second time with zest, a third time with keen relish, and in a fourth reading discover some new joy which had eluded you before.

The December magazines are coming in, and the cover of every one speaks of Christmas, in gay colors, with holly and mistletoe, Santa Claus and Christmas greens, "The Night Before" and "The Early Morning."

During these early days before the joyous celebration let us invite everyone to read again Dickens' "Christmas Carol." No other writer has ever been able to so thoroughly put the true spirit of Christmas into the hearts of his readers.

Dickens himself says of it, "My chief aim was, in a whimsical kind of a mask which the good humor of the season justified, to awaken some loving and forbearing thoughts, never out of season in a Christian land."

Lord Jeffrey assured the author that he "had done more good, and not only fastened more kindly feelings, but prompted more positive acts of benevolence, than can be traced to all the pulpits and confessionals since Christmas, 1842."

Old Mr. Scrooge, grasping, avaricious, repulsive, pronouncing Christmas a "Humbug." The ghost of Christmas past, the ghost of Christmas present, and the ghost of Christmas yet to come. What can we not make of the Christmas yet to come? Christmas a "Humbug?" If that is what has been we can turn it into a blessed reality this year.

Get into the spirit of it by reading the "Christmas Carol" again. Go to Bob Cratchit's for dinner, where "There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family." And the pudding! "Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for so large a family. It would have been rank heresy to have done so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to have hinted at such a thing."

And after the visitation of the Christmas Ghosts, and Mr. Scrooge had been so transformed, people laughed at the alteration in him, but he let them laugh. "His own heart laughed, and that was enough for him."

"He knew how to keep Christmas well if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless us, every one."

LIBRARIAN.

Thousands of Them.

That new post card case in this office contains thousands of post cards and exhibits hundreds of them to view. Just turn it around and make your selection.

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Homesteads.
Homestead will soon be a thing of the past. Have you used your homestead right? If not, there never was a better opportunity than now. We have a number of fine claims on which you can file if you come at once. Good, level land, black sandy loam soil, which will raise the best of crops. For further information, write D. J. SEXSMITH, Wray, Colorado.

BEGGS' CHERRY COUGH SYRUP cures coughs and colds.

BATHING AT DIEPPE.

When the Comtesse de Boigne Tried It in the Year 1806.

The Comtesse de Boigne in her memoirs gives an account of a visit she paid in 1806, which is interesting in view of the position Dieppe now holds among French watering places.

"The poverty of the inhabitants," she says, "was frightful. The Englishman, as they called him (and for them he was worse than the devil), was cruising incessantly before their empty harbor. With much difficulty a boat was able to escape from time to time and go fishing, always at the risk of being captured by the foreigner or confiscated upon the return journey if the telescopes of the watchers had seen it approach a vessel.

"As for the comforts arranged for the convenience of bathers which Dieppe has since organized, they were nonexistent at that time. My brother was able to find a little covered cart, and with great trouble and great expense, notwithstanding the universal poverty, a man was hired to lead the horses down to the sea and two women to go into the sea with me.

"These preparations raised the public surprise and curiosity to such a pitch that my first bath was watched by a crowd on the shore. My servants were asked if I had been bitten by a mad dog.

"I aroused extreme pity as I went by, and it was thought that I was being taken down to be drowned. An old gentleman called on my father to point out to him that he was assuming a great responsibility in permitting so rash an act. It can hardly be imagined that the inhabitants of a seashore could be so afraid of the sea.

"But at that time the people of Dieppe were chiefly occupied in keeping out of sight of it and in protecting themselves from the disasters which they feared the sea might bring, so that it was for them nothing more than a means of annoyance and suffering. It is curious to think that ten years later bathers were arriving in hundreds, that special arrangements were made for their convenience and that sea bathing of every kind went on without producing any astonishment in the neighborhood.

"I have thus attempted to point out that the custom of sea bathing, which is now so universal, is comparatively recent in France, for Dieppe was the first place where it began."

TREE DWELLING ANTS.

South American Insect That Acts as Plant Guardian.

Ant defenders of plants and trees are some of nature's pretty marvels. The Cecropia adenopus is a remarkable tree of south Brazil, widely distributed through the tropics. Its slender trunk is crowned with long leaves at the ends of the branches.

A few active ants run continually along the branches and the leaves, but if the tree is shaken slightly an army of ants rushes out by small apertures ready for a savage assault on the intruder. The ant is the terrible guardian that the tree has retained to protect it from its most formidable enemy, the leaf cutter ant.

The defenders rarely leave their retreat, where they live on small whitish egg shaped bodies about one-twelfth of an inch long, known as Mueller's corpuscles. These are formed of delicate tissue, rich in proteins and all as rations for the garrison of defender ants to feed upon. The curious arrangement by which entrance is made to the hollow stem has been studied by W. Schimper.

Just above the point of insertion of each leaf extends nearly to the superior node a superficial groove, at whose end is a rounded depression. There the tissue is thin, like a diaphragm in a tube, and it also is soft. The hole by which the ant enters is always pierced at this spot. The ants seem to have made their entrance through the groove originally because it was at the top. In the course of this plant's further development natural selection augmented these natural advantages, so that finally the thin, frail diaphragm as it exists today was developed.—Chicago Tribune.

Married the Day They Met.

Honoree Greeley and Mary Young Cheney were married the first day they met. They had corresponded for some time, a common friend who was something of a matchmaker having brought this about. She was all his fancy painted her, but she was much disappointed in his appearance, so much so that when he appeared before her, having proposed and been accepted by letter, she frankly told him that, although she married him, she was not in love with him. Their married life was long and happy, and the loss of his wife was a blow which Greeley did not long survive.

Tommy's Lunch.

Uncle (who left his nephew "refreshing")—Well, Tommy, you see I'm back. Are you ready? What have I to pay, miss? Waitress—Three buns, four sponge cakes, two sandwiches, one jelly, five tarts and—Uncle—Good gracious, boy! Are you not ill? Tommy—No, uncle, but I'm very thirsty.—London Tit-Bits.

British Pride.

British hypocrisy is gradually disappearing. Until a few years ago most Englishmen fancied that to be born in the United Kingdom was to be a paragon of all the virtues.—Brussels Solr.

Envy.

"Don't be covetous," said Uncle Eben. "Envyin' what yoh neighbor has is mighty apt to put de opportunity in yoh neighbor's way foh handin' yoh a gold brick."—Washington Star.

THE WHEATFIELD.

Where the Billowing Golden Waves Stretch From Sky to Sky.

Take a look at the wheat! Gold that has been brought up to perfection as it stands, yellow as gold, with the sheen of the sea, billowing from sky line to sky line like an ocean of gold, where the wind touches the rippling wave crests with the tread of invisible feet. In California, in Oregon, in Washington, in Dakota, in the Canadian northwest, you may ride all day on horseback through the wheatfields without a break in the flow of yellow heavy headed grain—no fence lines, no meadow lands, no shade trees, no knobs and knolls and hills and hollows of grass or black earth through. From dawn till dark, from sunrise, in a burst of fiery splendor over the prairie horizon, to sundown, when the crimson thing hangs like a huge shield of blood in the haze of a heat twilight, you may ride with naught to break the view between you and the horizon but wheat—wheat. It is like the gold fields. It goes to your head. You grow dizzy looking at it. You rub your eyes. Is it a mirage? The billowing yellow waves seem to be breasting the very sky. You look up. The sky is there all right with the black mote of a meadow lark sailing the azure sea. He drops liquid notes of sheer mellow music down on your head, does that meadow lark, and that gives you back your perspective, your sense of amazing reality. You are literally, absolutely, really, in the midst of a sea of living gold. It is you and not the lark that is the mote. You begin to feel as if your special mote might be a beam that would get lost in infinity if you stayed there long, and so you ride on and on, and some more on, and by and by come out of the league long, fenceless fields with an odor in your nostrils that isn't exactly like incense—it's too fugitive, too fine, too subliminal of earth. It is aromatic, a sort of attar of roses, the imprisoned fragrance of the billions upon billions of wheat flowers shut up in the glumes of the heavy headed grain there. And that's the odor of the wheat.—Agnes C. Laut in Outing Magazine.

A CHINESE STORY.

The Way a Mandarin's Wise Wife Deceived a Baby Case.

Two women came before a mandarin in China, each of them protesting that she was the mother of a little child they had brought with them. They were so eager and so positive that the mandarin was sorely puzzled. He retired to consult with his wife, who was a wise and clever woman, whose opinion was held in great repute in the neighborhood. She requested five minutes in which to deliberate. At the end of that time she spoke, "Let the servants catch me a large fish in the river, and let it be brought here alive." This was done. "Bring me now the infant," she said, "but leave the two women in the outer chamber." This was done too. Then the mandarin's wife caused the baby to be undressed and its clothes to be put on the fish. "Carry the creature outside now and throw it into the river in the sight of the two women." The servant obeyed her orders, flinging the fish into the water, where it rolled about and struggled, disgusted to doubt by the wrappings in which it was swaddled. Without a moment's pause one of the women threw herself into the river with a shriek. She must save her drowning child. "Without doubt she is the true mother," she declared, and the mandarin's wife commanded that she should be rescued and the child given to her. And the mandarin nodded his head and thought his wife the wisest woman in the Flowery Kingdom. Meanwhile the false woman crept away. She was found out in her imposture, and the mandarin's wife forgot all about her in the occupation of donning the little baby in the best silk she could find in her wardrobe.—Bystander.

White and Red Wines.

White and red wines owe their difference to the fact that, while the former is permitted to ferment without the grape skins, these are allowed to remain in the case of the latter. The color of the grapes makes no difference whatever to the color of the wine which they produce, for the juice of all grapes is as nearly as possible colorless. For instance, the grape which yields champagne is almost black in outward appearance.

Over the Telephone.

"Is this Dr. Smith?"
"Yes."
"Well, this is Mrs. Jones. I wish you would come over as soon as convenient. My eleven o'clock has a little throat trouble."—Harper's Weekly.

His Mentor.

From the time a boy sits under a street corner electric light playing with beads until he is blind and toothless he has to account to some woman why he didn't come home earlier.—Athenian Globe.

Not Like His Parent.

"Do you think Mr. Skinnum's baby will take after its father?"
"Not at all. The other day they perambled it to cough up a nickel it had swallowed."—Exchange.

Doing Good Service.

Bill—Is that watch your father gave you ten years ago still doing good service? Jill—Yes. I pawned it again today for the twentieth time.—London Opinion.

It never occurs to fools that merit and good fortune are closely united.—Goethe.

Real Estate Filings

The following real estate filings have been made in the county clerk's office since last report:

C. L. Adams et ux to J. R. Stansberry wd to 7 and 8 in 23 McCook	1 00
Harry Pool to S. C. Lyon, bill of sale to chairs, lamps, etc., belonging to barber shop	175 00
Emory E. Rogers et ux to Benjamin Meyers, wd to ebf 8 n hf ne qr 17 2 26	9600 00
Edward Hanshaw et ux to Verna M. Hanshaw, wd to 4 in 4 McCook	500 00
Edward Fitzgerald et ux to J. W. Hupp qd to whf nw qr whf sw qr 31 2	1 00
J. A. Scott et ux to A. M. Shorey wd to whf nw qr whf sw qr 31 1	2000 00
Lincoln Land Co to Laura A. Hughes, wd to lot 9, blk 11, 2nd McCook	250 00
County of Red Willow to Andrew J. Crawford, qd to part lots 9, 11, blk 48, Bartley	1 00
Charles F. Bush et ux to Belle Osborn Webber, wd to lot 1, blk 17, 2nd McCook	1650 00
W. H. Ferguson et ux to John E. Kelley, wd to hf int lots 6, 7, sh se qr 31 3 29, ne qr 6, nw qr nw qr 5 2 29	1 00
H. P. Waite & Co to The Public, Cert of Co Partnership	

ACT QUICKLY.

Delay Has Been Dangerous in McCook.

Do the right thing at the right time. Act quickly is time of danger. Backache is kidney danger. Doan's Kidney Pills act quickly. Cure all distressing, dangerous kidney ills.

Plenty evidence to prove this. Mrs. B. Hurley, of 204 E. 24th St., Kearney, Neb., says: "Last winter I caught a heavy cold which settled on my kidneys and made me miserable. I was rarely free from a dull aching in the small of my back and the kidney secretions passed so frequently as to annoy me greatly. I drank large quantities as I always felt thirsty and a doctor whom I consulted told me I was in the grasp of diabetes. He treated me for the trouble but I became no better and was suffering intensely when Doan's Kidney Pills came to my attention. I used this remedy and the first box brought me such relief that I continued with it until completely cured. I sincerely hope that my statement will be the means of benefiting other persons afflicted as I was."

Plenty more proof like this from McCook people. Call at L. W. McConnell's drug store and ask what customers report.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

A Guaranteed Cure For Piles.
Itching, Itching, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles. Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case, no matter of how long standing, in 60 days. First application gives ease and rest. 50c. If your druggist hasn't it send 50c in stamps and it will be forwarded postpaid by Paris Medicine Co. St. Louis, Mo.

Patronize home industry by smoking "Commercial Club", 10 cent cigar and the "Smoke", 5 cent cigar.

TAKE THE BLUE BELL LINE TO HEALTH
THEY MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE A BLACKSMITH

Ask for and try once BLUE BELL Cough Syrup, Pile Remedy, Man's Pain Lintiment, or BLUE BELL Stomach Tablets, Diarrhoea, Croup, Nerve, Cough, Hay Fever and Catarrh, Blood General Tonic, Bright Sunshine, Heart, Worm, Kidney, Headache, Summer Complaint, Soothing Tablets for Children, Liver, Female Regulator or Quinsy Tablets.

Sold by A. McMILLEN, McCook, Nebraska.

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That is the No. of ONE of the best Lumber and Coal Concerns in a No. ONE town, which is located on ONE East Street. But if you can't find it, call phone No. ONE, when you will be informed that you can get No. ONE lumber, No. ONE coal, No. ONE service, No. ONE treatment, in fact No. ONE first, last and all the time.

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THE CITIZENS BANK
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Calumet Baking Powder

The only high-class Baking Powder sold at a moderate price.

TEMPERANCE COLUMN

Conducted by the McCook W. C. T. U.

WHAT IS THE PRICE?
What is the price of the boy who stands Noble and fair as a god of old, Reaching to life his innocent hands, Dreaming the dream that lips never told?
What is his price, kind father, say?
What is his price, fond mother, I pray?
But the rum-seller says, "To make him my prey, I bid one thousand dollars!"
What is the price of the daughter who leans On the arm which supports her, noble and fair, A being of beauty, one of earth's queens, Pure as a lily, glorious and rare?
What is her price? Oh, ask of thy heart, Parents who love her, whoever thou art! But the rum-seller says, "For her in my mart, I bid one thousand dollars."
—Selected.

Moscow, home of the University of Idaho and one of the most progressive cities in the Inland Empire of the Pacific Northwest, has struck a telling blow for practical prohibition and nailed as false the chief argument used during the recent campaign that "a closed town means a dead one."

Merchants, travelers and visitors coming to Spokane declare that without reservation any apprehension which may have been felt in the minds of business men in regard to a depression caused by prohibition has been dissipated, as all lines of trade have established new sales records in the last two months. Not only have the merchants been doing a greater volume of business, but they have been making better collections in adjusting old accounts.

Business is brisker than it has been and the sales of every merchant have increased, while the hotels have been filled with a throng of traveling men, who secure large orders for fall delivery.

Six merchants, who may be classed as leaders in their respective lines, declared that never in the history of Moscow have business conditions been better. With fair crops, good prices and general prosperity, the shoppers have plenty of money, which they are spending liberally for a better grade of goods.

Three of these men were originally opposed to closing the saloons, believing that business stagnation would follow, but they are now thoroughly converted to the principle of practical prohibition. The factors in their conversion are the growth of business and the greater percentage of cash payments. A retail merchant said that many of his customers who formerly spent considerable money in the saloons are now buying more of the necessities as well as the luxuries of life, and are paying cash for groceries.